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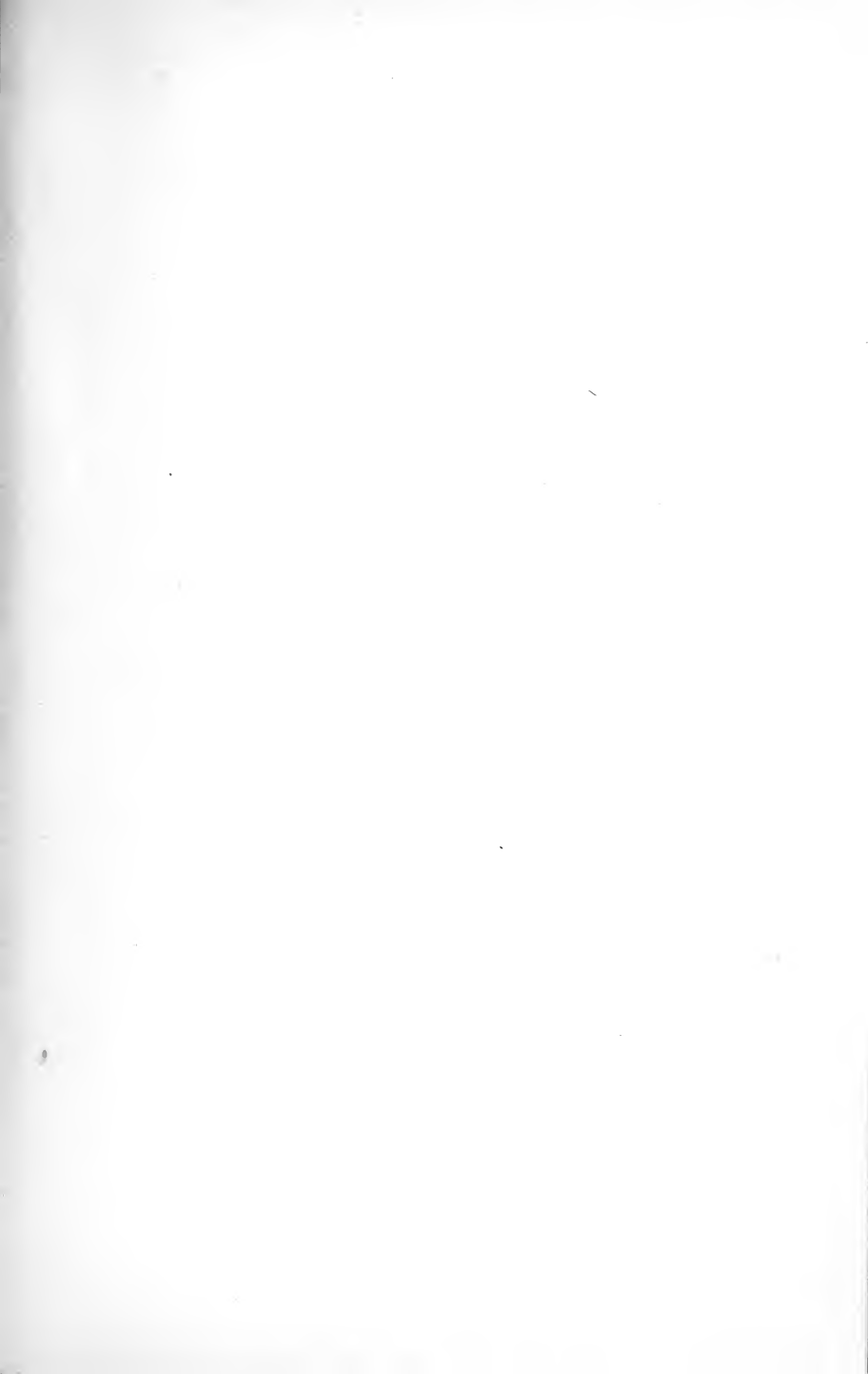
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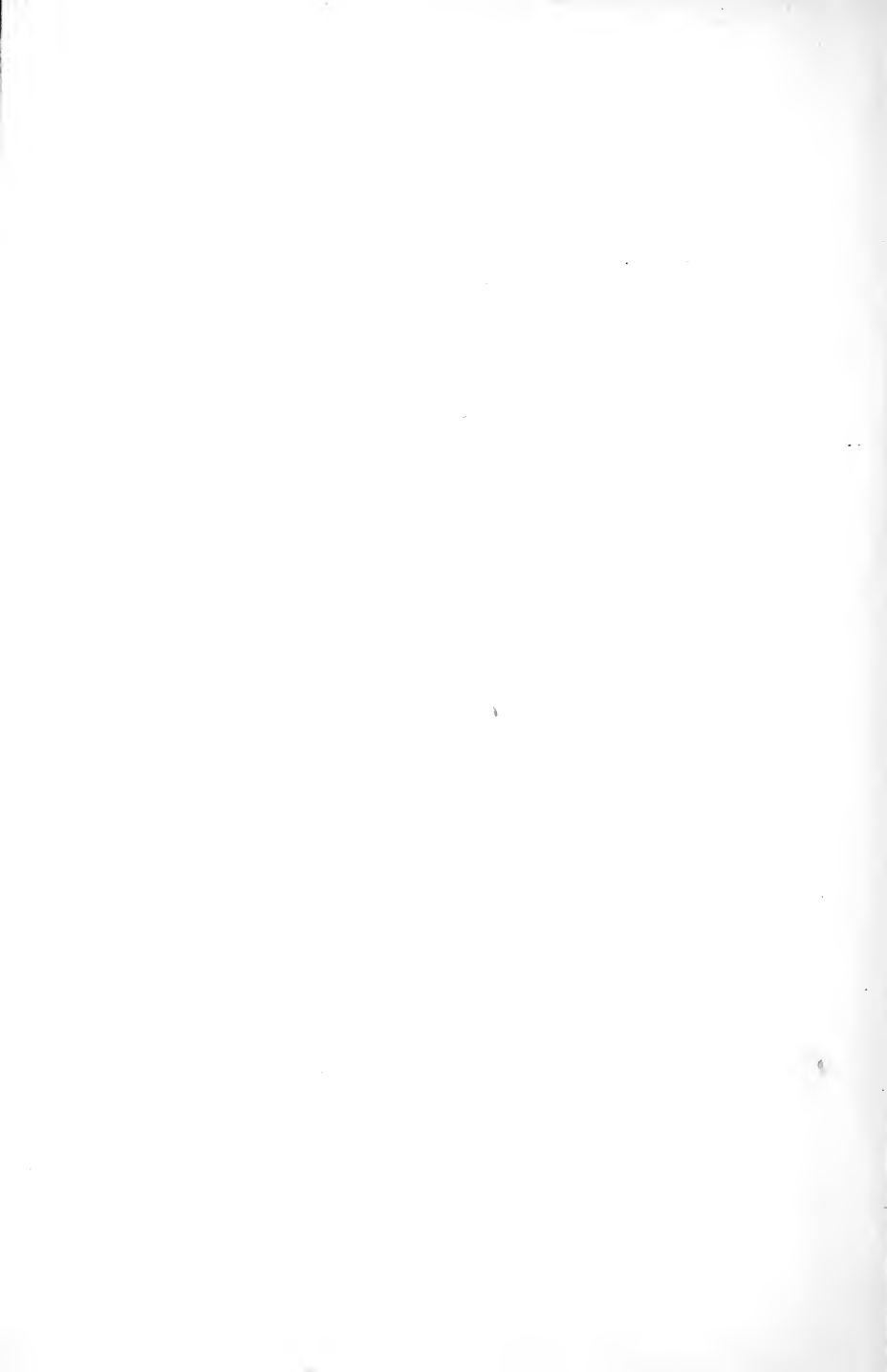
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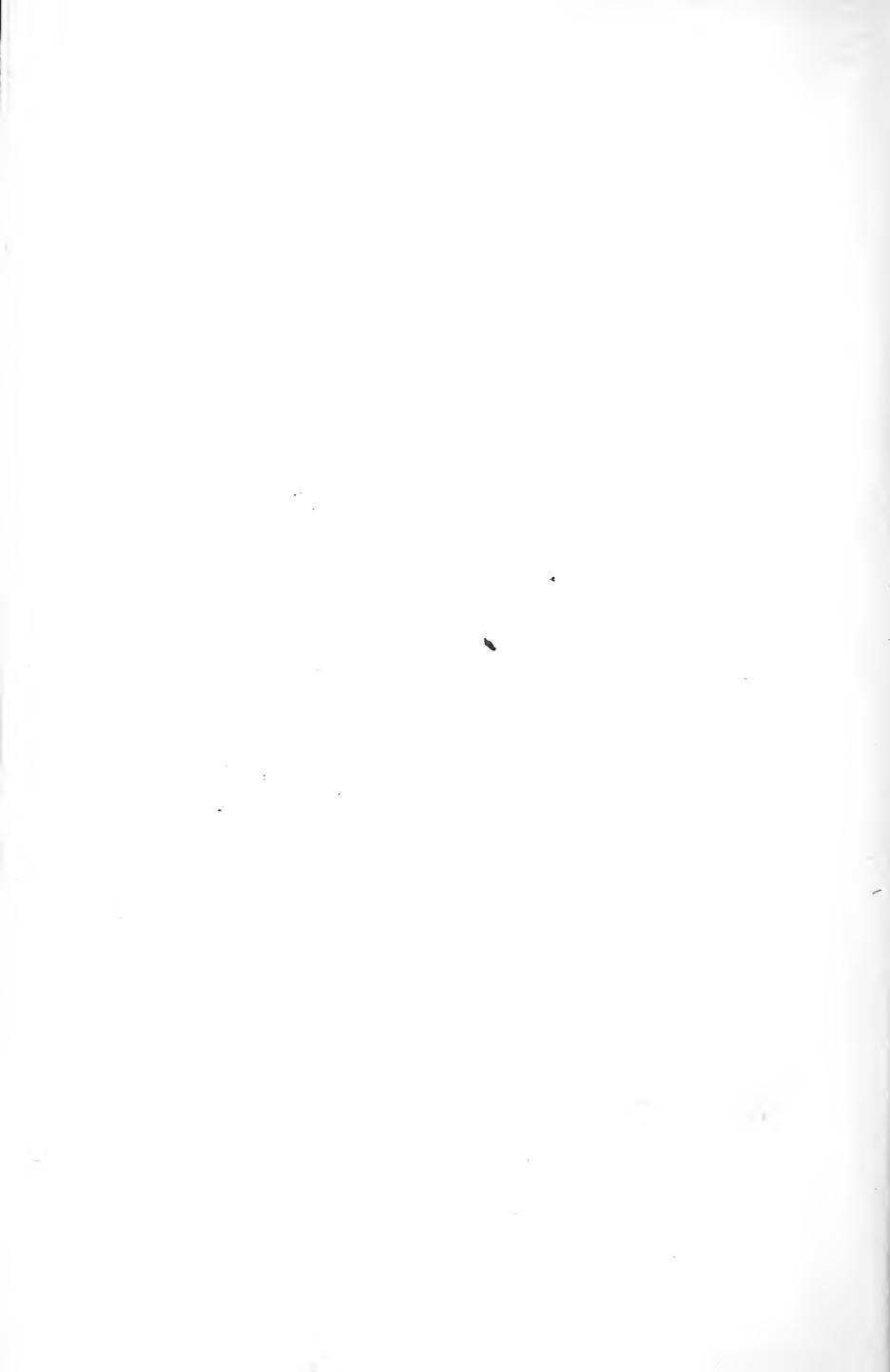














HOW TO BEGIN

TO LIVE FOREVER

BY

JOSEPH MERLIN HODSON

NEW YORK

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(INCORPORATED)

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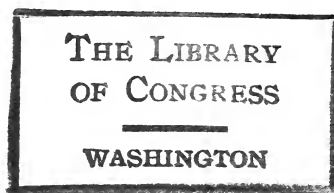
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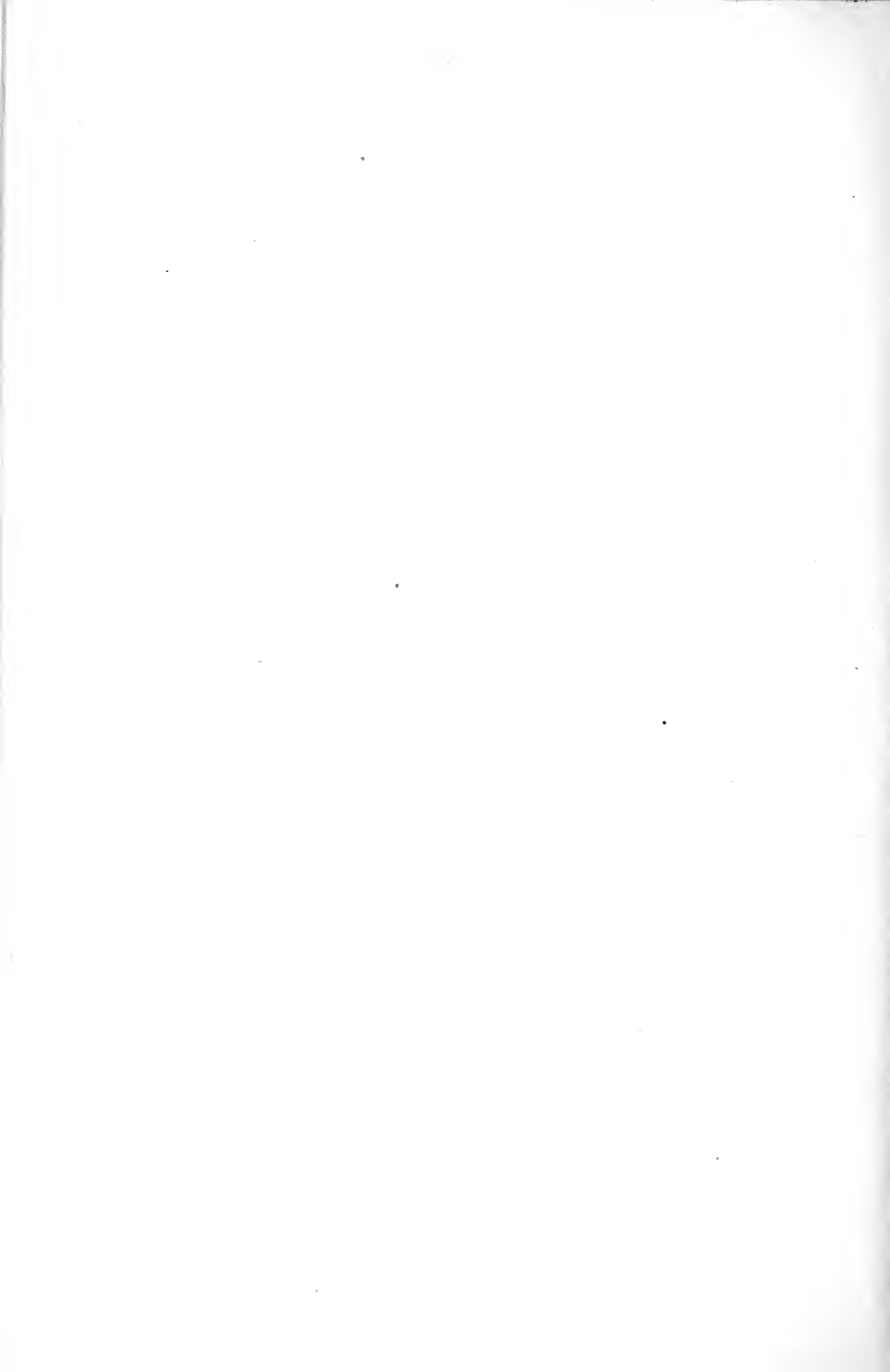
TO MY DEAR WIFE,

M. C. H.

MUCH OF WHOSE FAITH AND SPIRIT ARE IN THIS  
LITTLE BOOK.

*She loved it before publication.*

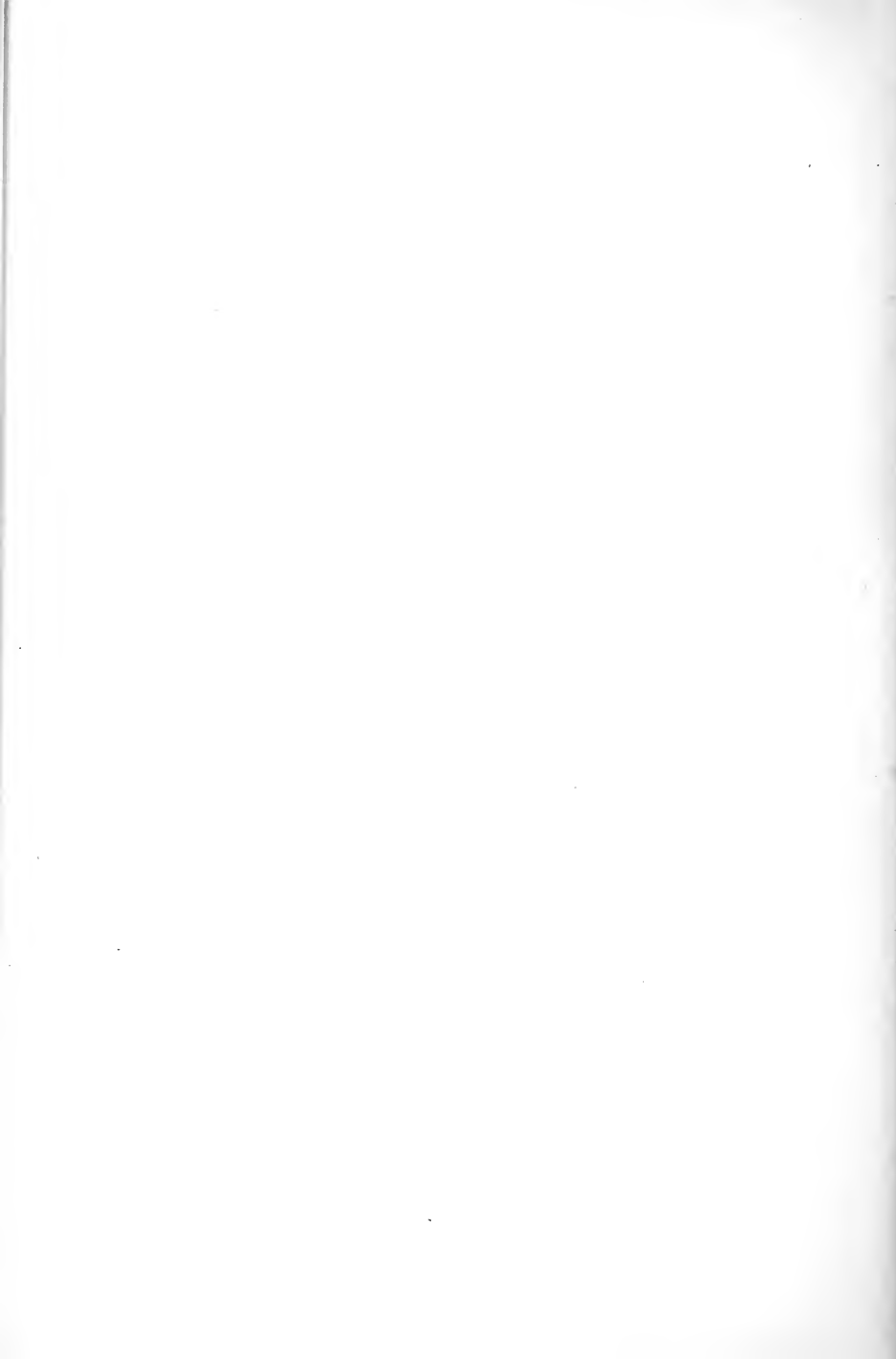
*May she sometimes be able to follow it now on  
its errand.*



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WHERE IS HEAVEN?

THE beautiful city! Forever  
Its rapturous praises resound;  
We fain would behold it, but never  
A glimpse of its glory is found:  
We slacken our lips at the tender  
White breasts of our mothers to hear  
Of its marvellous beauty and splendor;  
We see—but the gleam of a tear.

Where lies it? We question and listen;  
We lean from the mountain or mast,  
And see but dull earth, or the glisten  
Of seas inconceivably vast:  
The dust of the one blurs our vision,  
The glare of the other our brain,—  
Nor city nor island elysian  
In all of the land or the main.

RILEY.





## WHERE IS HEAVEN?

NOT far away, not hard to realize, not impalpable and unreal as sometimes it seems.

The place we call Heaven is veiled from our eyes, almost from our imagination; and yet it might be anywhere in this vast universe, or it may be everywhere. It may be an unseen realm, close about us, and all through the worlds of space,—a delightful abode of happy spirits, invisible to human eyes, incomprehensible at present, but gloriously real and very near.

It is, however, a kingdom,—a great spiritual nation, with its own government, and laws, and

way of living. First there is God's home world, and with Him a bright host, forever at liberty from grosser life, and awake to everything good,—free, perhaps, in their movements to the infinite distances of space, their nature thrilled to happiness by the genial spirit that pervades the whole wide realm. Then there is the human part of the Kingdom of Heaven, our part, where the good life begins, and grows, as people acquire the spirit of Heaven, and begin to practise its habits. Possibly, also, this kingdom may embrace still other people, in other worlds, who enjoy the same delightful privilege with us.

But we are naturally eager for some conception of the matchless splendor of Heaven. Human nature longs for a description. If we could only know and see just a little more!

By a most faithful natural law, it is possible to know and see with great clearness. For

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while the revelation *to* us is most disappointing, if there be nothing more, the revelation *within* is strong life and feeling and sight. Heaven, as we are able to realize it, is not what we learn about it, but what we are. It is the life of the kingdom of Heaven *in* our nature, and making itself felt through our emotions, — interpreted and translated to us by them. God does not describe, — he creates Heaven *within*, that people may feel the joy of its life. Our feelings are the garden in which the flowers of Heaven's joy bloom. Not rare flowers either, just the common ones that anybody may grow in the little affairs of even the most humdrum life. We try to imagine the grandeur of the future world; but we never see or hear or dream of anything so much like it as the feeling people have who try to be always good and always kind, — the every-day feeling of the persistent goodness that will not be anything else

but good. Gleams out of Heaven come, not its steady light ; thrills of its joy, not its uniform happiness. Thus little by little the true story is told of the "sweetness and light" of the better life. Our life, our happiness, our Heaven, now and forever, must be in what we are,—not in bright weather, not in good health, not in the delight of travel, not in cities, not in palace homes, not in any *place*, certainly not in physical excitement, not even in artistic feeling; nor is it in being able to think profoundly,—in nothing so much as in what we are. Just as soon as a person secures a heavenly spirit, does heavenly things to the people about him, and as best he can acts in heavenly ways, he begins to know where Heaven is and what it is like. He feels its life.

It is very reasonable, when we stop long enough to think about it, that Heaven should be revealed in this world through an experience

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of its life. There are many things which description or pictures or reason alone can never teach. It is quite impossible to describe true friendship. Nobody can tell it, either in prose or in poetry. It is in the feelings, and has no description which can carry a sense of it from one person to another. The willing service, the deep satisfying fondness, the glow of love among those who really love each other, has no interpretation but itself. Neither literature nor any human sign can reveal its joy, unless they awaken it. Every one must feel before he knows. By the same law every one must feel his nature suffused with the generous love of Heaven before he can know what it is like.

Then Heaven *in* human nature makes pictures for itself. It creates not from without, but from within. It starts with its own warm, kindly, bright kingdom and perfects it. It finds that it can transfigure a hut or a palace,—

that it can do with winter or summer; and then with the sky and landscape and colors and people God has lent this world, it sees what His realm may be, if only all are good and all are kind. Certain it is, that there is no safer source of thought about Heaven than a nature instructed from His word, born from His Spirit, and affectionately true to Him. It is the genius of Heaven created in human nature, and then seeing out of that divinely taught feeling. The artist sees his picture before he paints it; first, it is in his nature, and then he can put it on the canvas. The musician hears music before he plays it; his soul is tuned, and then he can give expression to the harmony he feels. But every human being has capacity for the feeling of Heaven. It is a universal genius, which may be quickened in anybody, and then will stimulate every other good quality. It is Heaven's tree growing in human nature and bearing

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Heaven's fruit. Love is the same warm, pure, generous thing in all worlds; and if it grow in the human heart in our world, will it not, of its own kind, even here, bear its own fruit, though the soil and the climate be not yet perfect?

We do not need to know very much about Heaven as a place, but there is a vantage ground of knowledge and faith where it is well to stand sometimes. Standing within our circle of light on this little dot of a world, away on the outermost rim of the universe, and looking toward the Creator of the transcendent wonders of which we do know something, it is easy to believe that a Heaven of inconceivable magnificence might indeed be anywhere, or that it might be everywhere.

If the sight by which spiritual beings see were given us, but for a moment, Heaven might flash on our vision from every side, — a blind-

ing surprise. We cannot see very minutely, nor can we see very far, and would not know it, even if the great spiritual Heaven encircled our little world. Sometimes we extend our natural sight by means of a microscope; but make it ever so powerful, and strain the eyes ever so eagerly to see to the very limit of everything,—to see to the end of living matter, to see into the spirit world,—and we must helplessly lay it aside, knowing that we see only a little further, and that away beyond its power, glimmering on and on in that minute space, there is still order and beauty, more wonderful than the fairy worlds of imagination. Then when we turn about and look away into the heavens, be the telescope ever so strong, it too grows weary while we are yet only on the dim border of the splendor of space. We do not see much; but we see into such unlimited possibilities that we dare have any hope and any imagination that



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grows up in an honest heart. We who are so limited need not despair of Heaven with all that revelation promises, while the unknown universe — so minute, so vast, so wonderful — stretches away in all directions.

Then if Heaven is refused to our knowledge, and given urgently to our experience, it is better that with all eagerness we should follow the open way, — learning the life for which eternal provision has been made, getting always its light to see more and more clearly. We do not know whether Heaven is in one world or in all worlds; but we know it is reasonable, that there is room for it, and that God is both sufficient and kind. For the present it is enough to know that while moons, planets, suns, fixed stars, and nebulae gather into systems, and move to the marvellous law which links them to each other, away beyond them all is some centre world, so vast that these whirling systems

obey it, as toy balloons obey the hand that holds them captive. There is at least room that God may have His throne in the blaze of the glory of that world that centres the myriad worlds of space.

THE SPIRITUAL REALM.

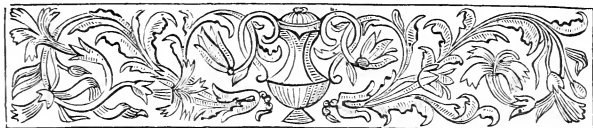
WHAT if some morning, when the stars were paling  
And the dawn whitened and the East was clear,  
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence  
Of a benignant spirit standing near;

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,  
"This is our Earth,—most friendly Earth, and fair;  
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow  
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air;

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,  
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear;  
But stay not, Spirit. Earth has one destroyer,—  
His name is Death; flee lest he find thee here"?

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,  
And freshened in the elm the Summer's breath,  
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,  
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death"?

SILL.



## THE SPIRITUAL REALM.

THERE is a realm where time is forever, distance the quick flight of a spirit, weariness only the burden of ever-springing joy, sluggishness and disease are forever gone, and labor is the happy errand of love. We call it the spirit world; but it is the natural and original manner of living. It is *the* world and *the* life out of which everything else has come.

Human life is for the spiritual realm a starting-point, a potting and budding place, a school, a probation. All who live in this world are now spirits; but for the present they are human spirits, clad for the earth-life.

As the diver, before going under water, must be fitted with a diving suit, adapting him to live there for a time, so, that we may live the beginning of our life on earth, are we clothed with a body. But we are still human spirits, made in the image of God and capable of living Spiritually.

There is, so far as we know, only one sufficient reason for the existence of this world and all that is in it,— the Spiritual development of that which goes flitting away at death. Everything by a perfect gradation serves that purpose. The human body is “fearfully and wonderfully” made, but *it* simply serves the life of the spirit. When you seek a reason for things, beginning with the shining of the sun, which feeds the earth into life, and then follow on through verdure, beauty, fragrance; the whole vegetable kingdom and the animal; all commerce, all knowledge, all civilization,

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and all refinement of life,—there is no stopping-place at which you can say, “Here is the reason why this whole world was made,” until you come to the human spirit; and then, as to the climax of this wonderful order of service there is only one question, the character of the spirit. Has it become good or bad by living in this world? One thing here serves another, and all fit together to serve human life, which has met its purpose when the body ceases its service, and that in which grew all the powers of character goes on.

If a line could be drawn from the bottom of all evil to the top of all good, it would begin with the Scriptural conception of Satan and end with God. Then this line, in its long range between these far extremes, leaving the kingdom of Satan, would come into this world, and first touch the realm of human life at the lowest point of carnal human nature. It would follow

on up through the improvement of human nature, and pass from out of the bad into the good at the point where in any person Spiritual-mindedness is greater than carnal-mindedness. Still on its way to God, its course would be through all that which in people blesses and cures and delights this world, as they become less like Satan and more like God. It would then pass quite out of the human part of the Spiritual realm into the bright glad sunlight of the purely Spiritual, where in death the eclipse of this life passes off, and the eternal day shines full and clear.

Thus human beings, while still human, may come into God's Spiritual realm when Spiritual-mindedness begins; and if they grow steadily in the kindly ways of God's kingdom eternal life is well begun. Let it never be forgotten in the struggle of life that we are spirits, and night and day, by His help, may be Spiritually



minded. Growth Spiritually, in this world, may be always more or less of a battle; but it is a necessary war, and a good one. If the battle is won our life is saved. The victory is Heaven's welcome into the Realm of Pure Spirits, — the infinite joy of being forever good.

There is in the convenience of common language a very free use of the word spirit that goes to the bottom of the deepest truth. When brought into close contact with people, we often feel their "spirit" before we have any other knowledge of their character. Something, which in our language has no better name than "his spirit," breathes an impress upon us which can rarely be defined, of which the person himself is sometimes scarcely conscious, but which comes out of his character from his inner being. It is "his spirit," the "spirit" of his human spirit, the human activity of his immortal spirit. This subtle expression of his

inner being, almost too subtle for this eager world, is character, and can scarcely be concealed even for business purposes, for it gets through the face and every movement of the body out into the world, and tells its true story of what we really are. It is as subtle as electricity; but with photographic accuracy it reveals, not what we intend to be, but the very secret of our nature. Others feel the goodness or evil of our spirit. The result of keeping oneself within the benign influences of the Spiritual realm is goodness of spirit. And human nature is at its best mood when the spirit is good. Person for person and time for time, people never have a clearer head, stronger common-sense, steadier nerves, a warmer heart, and a better spirit than when Spiritually minded.

How human nature interspheres with the Spiritual realm and becomes a part of it, we

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cannot yet clearly understand. But as we make happy use of electricity and wait to know what it really is, so may we use the truth and the power that come to us out of the spiritual realm. We know that God is a Spirit; that our Saviour came to us from Him, and while still the Son of God was the most natural and kindly of men; that our friends flit quickly out of our weakness and infirmity into the realm of "the spirits of the just made perfect;" that the Holy Spirit from the Realm of Pure Spirits comes unseen and touches the human spirit to quicken and nourish it. But it is the fact and the experience of it only that we know, and we cannot yet understand all.

The realm of Spiritual life extends to us, and includes many in this world. They may often "see through a glass, darkly," but they do see and feel. In Heaven the nature of every being is doubtless aglow with love and joyous

with feeling. They are easily like our Saviour, because they "see Him as He is," and cannot help loving Him, and then living as they love. But the whole Kingdom of Heaven embraces those of this world who here begin its life,—who in the passion and sin of the world cannot always so clearly "see Him as He is," but who do, nevertheless, love Him and keep on trying to live Spiritually.

THE SPIRITUAL KING.

FROM within

Those palace gates, where dwelt an unseen King,  
Issued wise laws and counsel, wealth increased,  
The nation's strength augmented year by year,—  
While everywhere, like the invisible power  
Which clothes the bare brown earth with loveliness,  
Was felt a nameless influence, that touched  
Each load to lighten it, each wound to heal.

FIELD.



## THE SPIRITUAL KING.

IN a Western town an aged woman was coming near death by a very decisive illness, that permitted the use of all her faculties to the end. One morning she told her minister that at a consultation of physicians held the previous day, it was decided that her expectation of life could not exceed three or four weeks; "and now," said she, "I have sent for my boys." "Where are they?" was the inquiry. "Oh, they are very widely scattered; but they will come. One is in Manchester, England; another in Chicago, Illinois; and another in Winnipeg, Manitoba." "But can they leave their business and reach you in three weeks?" "Oh, yes; it

is all arranged that when mother wants them they are to be notified, and they will come at once. The telegrams were sent this morning."

And in due time they came; men of affairs, strong, busy, successful, gathered about her bed,—sons of this feeble old woman who was drawing to the close of a very quiet life.

But what power, "smiting under sea and over land," had laid hold of these men in distant cities, causing them to drop everything, and come to this unostentatious bedside? It was love,—the omnipotent power of mother love, ministered in mother hours at the cradle, in youth, and patiently on through the years. She was queen in the realm of those hearts. She had won her sceptre by the service of motherhood, and now ruled strong men, in far distant cities, by a power mighty above all concerns of business or pleasure. They were the affectionate subjects of that gentle sovereignty,



which had grown in them its own goodness and faith. She ruled, and would continue to rule, an invisible queen in the realm of their life,—her kingdom the inner forces of three busy men who loved her, and who loved what she loved.

“If a man love me he will keep my word; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.”

Jesus would be King everywhere, as within her sphere a mother is queen. He is the King of kings; the King of mothers; the King of all people, to make all strong and all good. He knows that people do what they love, and so He seeks to rule their love. It is not so much obedience that He wants as the love that is eager to be obedient; not so much the “keeping of His Word” as the love that keeps it, and is back of what people do. What suggests the wishes and the things that have been

told us by absent friends? It is love that does it, and love is spontaneous. It starts up out of itself and moves toward what it loves. Love lives deep in the hidden part of our being; and as it is good or bad it rules. Jesus is a Spirit, and can be king where love has its origin. That is the kingdom He wants. He knows where all things begin, and must rule there. He loves as a mother, and would be king by His Word and by our feeling toward Him.

SEEING WITH SPIRITUAL EYES.

THERE are minor chords in the musical scale,  
And majors of exquisite tone,  
That only the cultured ear may catch  
And wholly make its own.

There are notes in the wild birds' roundelay  
Which to us may sound harsh or wrong,  
But modulate melodies finely strung,  
To the ear awake to song.

There are higher lights, more intensified shades,  
And touches of color divine  
To the artist alone in the masterpiece;  
We see but the given line.

There are tints of shade, and shading of shade  
In the outer leaves of a rose,  
But fairer, sweeter, more brilliant far,  
The hues its heart shall disclose.

SYKES.



## SEEING WITH SPIRITUAL EYES.

WHEN Jesus and Satan met in the wilderness, each saw out of his own nature. They had the "point of view" which their previous life gave them. The one was the outlook of Heaven; the other of Hell. Jesus saw out of love; Satan out of hatred. "All these things," the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, "will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." This was a suggestion made from Satan's "point of view" with subtle intelligence. The masterly cunning lay in the forecast. It was an alternative, with an escape from the sorrows of the Passion and the Crucifixion

artfully hinted. "Lay aside redemption, relinquish the sacrificial part of your mission, and with your power you may be king, much more quickly than by the slow and thankless plan of bringing this world to live as you do in Heaven." Only "worship me, take my plan, and you shall have all kingdoms and all their glory." From the outlook of Satan's ambition, seeing with his bad eyes, it was a most tempting situation, — a keen business proposal without sentiment, — a plan cold, selfish, brilliant, devilish; it was the cunning of hell off guard in its eagerness.

But Jesus saw with Heaven's eyes. He stood with all the glory of that matchless kingdom in his memory, and out of infinite love saw with eyes strong and clear. Then, full of the spirit of His mission, He flooded Satan's heartless plan with the light of Heaven, dwarfing it, shaming it into darkness; and quickly, from

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somewhere out of their own Spirit Realm came the angels ministering to Jesus.

Later in the life of the Saviour, who chose to be like us, there were times when He wished to look upon spiritual things more fully in their own light, — perhaps that He might shade His spiritual eyes from the glare of human light and see more clearly. He selected the conditions and chose the occasions when the one part of His nature could easily be more, and the other, for the time, less. He went out of the street, away from the crowd, apart from the disciples, up from the valley into a mountain, alone. There, in quiet and seclusion, with the door of eye and ear and every sense closed, He talked with God. He was still human, but He was at an advantage. Here the physical could find rest, and possibly His Spirit be more at liberty. In that hour there was cheer, and a preparation for the next busy,

dusty, weary, human day, if such it should be for Him. He stood again with the Father, looking out upon the work which He had come to do. It was a great vantage-ground. To-morrow He would still see.

Every human soul needs in some way and at some time to stand where earth and Heaven touch. It is a luminous point at which is given a light that may become phosphorescent in the soul. No one but may go apart into a mountain,—possibly a Mount of Transfiguration,—or into an inner chamber, and having closed the door, pray to the Father, who not very far away seeth in secret. If there be patience and sincerity the Spirit of God will come, creating within the human, in at least some degree, the spirit of Heaven, which always for yourself and often for others answers the question, Where is Heaven? Very gently the Spirit of God comes into the heart that waits for Him, even as peace comes.



'T is not in seeking,  
'T is not in endless striving,  
The quest is found.  
Be still and listen;  
Be still and drink the quiet of all around.

Not for thy crying,  
Not for thy loud beseeching  
Will peace draw near;  
Rest with palms folded,  
Rest with eyelids fallen,  
Lo! peace is here.

Lo! God *is* here. It is more than a poet's hour. It is looking out toward God, reaching up toward him, asking quickness and strength where it is most needed. It is getting eyes to see and faith to believe.

A Christian woman sits alone as a summer evening closes. The soft light and the shadows make a rare earthly hour. She has felt the caress of the deepening twilight, and it has soothed her nature into a sweet conscious repose. Her imagination has wings. She thinks

easily and delightfully. Her mind has been drifting; now it takes direction from her own life,—from that part of it which has been best. Out of very clear eyes she sees far ahead, where she could not before see,—and away beyond anything she has ever seen,—the right ways of life open to her. They now stand out as great highways, and the hour confirms everything good. The purposes to which sometimes she has had to cling in the desperation of blind faith go on and lay hold on God. Her life centres there, and she knows that His mercy and His love never end. She has a foretaste of Heaven. Deep joy settles down into her soul, and love stronger than ever springs up. The hour is holy—heavenly. It will stay in her memory; it will be strength, an abiding sweetness for all whom she may touch to-morrow and forever.

Her boy, just budding into the possibility of

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such thoughts, comes and throws himself at her feet, lays his head upon her lap; and her nature all turns to him. He knows the mood. Those loving hands are never so smooth on his brow as after his mother has been sitting alone in this way. She will talk to him, and he wants to hear the melody of the hour in her voice. He is full of questions; she as full as words will permit of answers. But how can she talk to him, how can she train his eye to see where she has been looking to-night? Language is insufficient. Statements do not reveal it. How can she speak to him so that when he is gone from her presence, — when in the coming years she is gone from him, — he too may sit alone sometimes at the close of a day and get strong for the next by seeing what she has seen? She tries and does not fail. There is a sweet, subtle energy both in her words and in her spirit, which her son may never be able to name, but

which he will feel forever. It is the inexpressible force of the Spirit of God in the heart of a woman,—the very spirit that makes Heaven sing at its work with love, like a bird nesting in springtime. It is the spirit that sees most clearly in this world, and more than anything else gives light to others.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN  
ON EARTH.

“THE Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.”

“The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened.”

“To this end have I been born, and to this end am I come into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.”



## THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN ON EARTH.

THE Kingdom of Heaven begins here. It must have its starting-point and its first experience in this world. Our Saviour strove to make this very plain; but the great truth, in a popular sense, has been missed. The disciples never saw it clearly; then the Church missed it altogether; and so from Church to people and from parent to child has grown an idea of Heaven, missing the first and greatest truth. Heaven has usually been the other side of death, mysterious and dreadfully beautiful; so that we wondered and dreamed about it

until it grew dim and very far away, if not unreal. No description was ever given by our Saviour of Heaven after death; but of Heaven before death he never wearied speaking. He left the curtain drawn against human eyes to the one, but to the other He opened wide the door.

It required the drama of a life on Earth to reveal the life of Heaven *in* human nature. Some one from Heaven must come on Earth and live. Jesus our Saviour came, His life unfolding, as He lived with His disciples and loved them. He started them mentally and spiritually along in Heaven's way, and kept with them until they began at least feebly to feel His life. The Spirit of His life flowed into their spirit until they lived less from the world about them and from themselves, and more from Him. Then when He left them, He helped them to remember His spirit, His words,



His commands, His love, until they realized in some degree that although gone from them He still perceptibly, personally controlled their life. They found themselves moving toward His ways. In their community they said, "This is what Jesus did;" "This is what Jesus told us to do;" "This is what Jesus would do if He were with us now as He once was." Thus they were largely subject to Jesus. They thought about it and tried to preserve the spirit in which He kept them while He was the centre of their circle. In time the Holy Spirit came to create and effectively preserve in them the spirit of Jesus. Thus they were able to keep on in that new life, begun while He was with them. They lived somewhat in the spirit of Heaven, though under very difficult circumstances, and in very trying times. Their relation to each other, to those with whom they did business buying or selling, to their temple and priests, to the San-

hedrim, and to the Roman Government,— all was controlled by the teaching and spirit of their ascended Master. Jesus was their King, though now an unseen King, returned to His Father, living again in Heaven, but still strong for them and in them, as they kept on trying to tell abroad that which He had told them. Thus there came to them, and through them on down to us, the fact that Jesus Christ is a spiritual King, ruling this part of the Kingdom of Heaven by what He taught, and by the Holy Spirit, who is active in all whom He causes to be born again. This is the kingdom of Heaven on Earth,— the realm of the human heart subject to the forces of Heaven,— Jesus Christ enthroned with the Father, but touching and ruling spiritually the subjects of His kingdom who begin their life on Earth. It is a King who loves us, living in that sinless country, acting in His own way through

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the Holy Spirit upon human spirits, and producing under the difficult conditions of this Earth results at least hopefully like those which are the constant glad life of that beautiful world where people dwell at home and forever as spiritual beings,—much of the wisdom lost in the ignorance and wickedness of human nature, much of the force dissipated, much of it transmuted into very imperfect results, but still doing something,—slowly growing, budding, blooming, and becoming spiritual fruit, and at last, in the patient lovingkindness of our Saviour King making it possible that human beings, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, may before the throne of God serve Him day and night in His Temple.

Life in this world must often be very difficult. Weariness and disease frequently eclipse the best intentions. It is impossible, however

much we wish it, to keep right on, strong and fresh, in the work we eagerly undertake in our best moments. So there come upon our good intentions and our hopes interruption, disappointment, failure, — the necessity for patience and self-control. As we earn our bread there are unavoidable complications and confusion of mind. Our rightful profit or advantage is often pathetic loss to some one else. There is competition keen and determined to the full strength of every one engaged. This means the jostle and deceit and trickery of all unheavenly people. They are close beside us; from them we must buy, and to them we must sell. They encroach upon all good motives with the most godless vigor.

So the question comes, whether the life that moves steadily on to better things in Heaven can push its way everywhere to triumph. Can it do so in a world like this? Is there vitality

in it which can overcome? Is it constituted greater than earthly conditions? Is it a Divine fire able to consume and burn supreme above all that would quench it?

The answer is, Yes. The God who created the universe created this one thing in the whole universe like Himself, and greater than all else. Any one who is alive spiritually need not blush or fail in the presence of any force or complication, earthly or infernal. God's plan for the spiritual colonization of this world is adequate. The King of Heaven is supreme. The laws of the Kingdom of Heaven operate to our advantage, to the development of character, to the joyous success of all who humbly, vigorously, and in faith obey to their final out-working.

This may be written or it may be reasoned; but is it practically true for all? Is it true for the man who is born poor, hindered and handi-

capped from his birth? Is it true for the man who must spend his life in the sewer, with bent form all day, and at night aching until the body is everything and the spirit less than the smoking flax? Is it true for the woman who is widowed, with a family that she loves as her life, but which must be fed and clad by labor so sad and wearisome that even her one luxury of love is beclouded? For all the teeming millions, from the lowest conditions up, is it possible that an inner life of increasing privilege may begin now, and continue forever?

Again the answer is, Yes. But not yet a life without sorrow, not yet a life where the problems are all worked out, not yet a life in which we may walk by sight. Life now is a great character-school; but there is untold comfort and blessing for even the tired working-man and the burdened widow if their life now have shed upon it the light of the Kingdom of

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Heaven. It makes life shine with hope; it gives the courage of a good life; it makes difference in condition a point, suffering a school-master, and death the avenue into the home world of God.

Can we do business that way? Can we compete and live? That is not to be decided first. We do not have to do business; we do not have to live; but we must belong to the kingdom of Christ, or it is better not to live. If we mean that we will only belong to the kingdom of Christ if we can compete, if the order is how to do business, how to live, how to get rich, and then how to belong to the kingdom of Christ, we shall be dead while we live,—that part of us dead for which all else was created; that part dead for which this beautiful world, this wonderful nature, came into existence. But the fact is that the man who is spiritually born does possess, in proportion to the measure and weight

of man there is in him, additional instead of less vitality to push his way in any competition where it is not failure to succeed. The Divine life is always plus to a man when he ought to go that way, and is only minus when he ought not. Any man who wants to get where he ought not to be, wants the development which the kingdom of Satan gives; and that king will help him most willingly. There is yet much to learn in finding out how powerfully organized, how well balanced is the kingdom of our Saviour to advantage and disadvantage. The scales which weigh us, good or ill, turn so quickly and are so sensitive that we have not yet learned their delicate touch. We put great rude business hands upon them. Happiness we cannot reach with our own hands; we cannot buy it. When we contend for it in a masterful way, we only contend,—it is gone. We must live happiness. It is the only way. It is



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given when even in toil or sorrow or hardship our spirit is trustful, and we get it not by human processes, but as the fruit of the life that may be eternal.

Jesus is our example of the life of Heaven on Earth. He was a citizen of Heaven, and came to Earth to live His way in our condition. What He said, what He did, what He was when He was among us, clothed with our nature, touched with all the feeling of our life, is a revelation of the way in which it is best and happiest for us to live. There was no better means by which the way they live in Heaven could be revealed than for our Saviour to come into all that links us to Earth, and live out before us an expression of His nature.

This is the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. We are a barbarous race, and Heaven is an old and very high order of civilization. But Jesus was an exalted and capable officer of that gov-

ernment, and He came to establish a spiritual colony here. We must, if we would go to His country, obey the written and unwritten laws of His mission.

SUBJECTIVE LOVE.

THEIR source is on the mountains,  
The streams of which we drink;  
But we must tread the valleys  
If we would reach their brink.  
Their source is on the mountains,  
Higher than feet can go;  
Yet human lips but touch them  
In the valleys, still and low.

Their source is on the mountains,  
The streams of which we drink;  
But only in the valleys  
Our lips can reach the brink.  
Our hearts are on the mountains,  
Whither our feet shall go;  
But our path is in the valleys,  
Where the still waters flow. .

CHARLES.



## SUBJECTIVE LOVE.

“LOVE your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you, that ye may be sons of your Father which is in Heaven; for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.”

Most of us fold up this injunction or lay it aside to be worked into our religious life when we are better able to use material so fine and costly. And we do this very easily, feeling that such luxury of goodness is so far beyond our poverty that it is not at present to be considered. Somehow we feel that loving one's enemies does not fit with the hard-faced duties

of practical life, where banks are to be managed, railway trains got through on time, and everything done where it is man against man, woman against woman, and all against each other, trying to win food, clothing, homes, and social position.

But what if love be the strongest poise of human nature? What if it alone can overcome your enemy? What if God has so put human nature together that nothing but love can fuse it into its highest power, wisdom, and peace? What if in making us in His own image God gave our nature a deep-seated law of advantage, — the law of love?

But our greatest difficulty and our consequent failure lies in the fact that we try to love in an impossible way. No one can love people simply because it is his duty to do so, or because he wills to do it. Love is not a product of the will, nor is it a pleasant grace of manner.

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It is neither a gush of feeling, a shake of the hand, a smooth modulation of the voice, a smile, nor any social sweetness. Human nature can be very genial. It is often most charming, not only in its manners but in itself. It does love many things and many people; but it is always because *they* are loveable, and not because there is a fountain of goodness and love that overflows and loves of itself. God is, however, such a fountain. He loves people, not because they are always loveable, but because He is Himself love. No ugliness of others makes Him ugly. No anger makes Him angry. He is never "overcome of evil," but is constantly "overcoming it with good," — with love.

That is the strong, wise, happy way in which God wants all the children of His Kingdom to bear themselves. He wants them always to preserve the good mood, and then to live it, —

to consider that anger, hatred, envy, malice, etc., are weakness, and that love is power. We have all learned out of our own life that in certain moods and tempers we are weak, while in others we are strong. Love is the happy state in which all our powers interweave and lend themselves to do the best for which we have a capacity. Love is a delightful emotion, welling up in a man's heart and soothing him, when at the close of a day he enters his own home, and is thrilled by kisses and smiles from those who long for his coming; but it is just as good a balance of his nature for anything that he ought to do. Love is for our general life what the trained condition is for the athlete. It is the condition in which we can do most and do it best. It is never worth while having an enemy. If any one is determined to be your enemy, you may need to take care of yourself; but let him have an entire monopoly of the



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mean feeling. Do not let "evil overcome good."

One in charge of very difficult business interests, in which he was often brought into conflict with other men in the most trying relations, always carefully began his day at home. He was as particular about the state of mind in which he left his house as he was about his engagements with his banker. He tried always to go out strong with a strength that came from God. By some means, not always the same, he daily sought to reach a sense of the goodness of God in loving Him. He sought it somewhat as he sought the love of his wife and children. He knew to neglect the attentions they loved was to miss something out of his heart all day, and so to neglect God was to miss out of his spirit a temper that left him a prey to other tempers. One morning, waiting for him in his office was the keenest and most

exasperating director of the company of which he was a manager. The next two hours were a time of discussion, suggestions, insinuation, and threats involving in some degree his honor, and in a large degree the comfort of that cherished home in the suburbs which he had left so recently and so happily.

How was he saved? By the persistent good spirit with which he met his enemy. He used all his business wit and frequently the dignity of silence; but he kept his intellect clear by good emotions. He did not get angry. He was shrewd, fair, and kind, and so on safe ground to fail or succeed. Something that came from God went out of him to his enemy, just as something from God went out of him to his friends, and it was a spirit which enemies could feel as well as friends.

Love is subjective. There is such a thing as a state of love. God is its only source. It is

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created in those who seek Him, while waiting upon Him,—not hurriedly or violently, but in a receptive spirit, until they realize Him and feel His love. When the emotions are quickened toward God, so that the person does actually love Him, this feeling, if maintained, will dominate his relation to other persons. A state of love may be unsettled or destroyed; but if it exists, it loves. Subjective love is possible. It is created by the Great Source of Love in human nature, and is able to give, because it receives. It has its law, more worthy of close attention than the laws of chemistry or any other of the natural sciences, for it is life, growing into Eternal Life.

It is a great mistake to try to love an enemy. There are those who conceive the idea of being generous, and then set their enemies before the mind and strive to work themselves into a feeling of love for them by some such mad process

as heathen employ in trying to worship idols. Love is not created in us by unloveable persons. It never begins with an enemy. That would be an attempt to reverse the natural order of growth. As well try to get fruit by planting blossoms, which would soon wither and die. There is some similarity in all kinds of growth, whether in the natural world or in the spiritual world. The order of soil, seed, roots, trunk, bloom, fruit, cannot be inverted. Loving an enemy is ripe fruit, and possibly the most difficult to mature of all fruit that grows in human nature. It is not safe to assume any duty toward an enemy until something within moves you toward him, as something moves birds to sing. The first duty may be to pray for him in secret, and then God may reward you openly by letting the sun and rain of your love fall upon your enemy, but very gently, and only when there is enough to shine upon him, and to refresh him.

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The order and process of growth is Divine, and cannot be evaded; but there is no absolute law of time in spiritual fruitage. It is not "three months and then cometh the harvest," for by the quick action of forces in the spiritual realm, while you look, while you pray, the seed may grow, and the field turn "white unto harvest." When there is great sincerity the conditions are favorable, and love may grow very rapidly. But it is a "fruit of the spirit," — of the human spirit, when the Holy Spirit abides within.



THE LAWS OF HEAVEN.

WHITHER midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—  
The desert and illimitable air,—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

. . . . .

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart  
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
On the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

BRYANT.





## THE LAWS OF HEAVEN.

THE laws of Nature, human nature, and the Bible are from God. They are like highways into a larger and better life, fenced by penalties, commandments, and promises. All God's laws lead toward Him, as all roads led to Rome, because from that city they were built out into all parts of the Empire.

Many laws which affect our life or comfort God did not reveal by statement or Scripture. We are expected to search for them, getting their advantage as we learn. This knowledge is most convenient; but it is not essential to the real object of life in this world. It is coal for fire, iron for machinery, steam for power, electricity for manifold uses. It is better wheat,

better wool and cotton and silk for clothing, better fruit as it is cultivated, more fragrant flowers, better houses, better facilities for travel, better health, many better methods of living as we learn what God has created and their proper use. But people lived for ages without knowing these things. Some live now with but meagre use of them, and live well. It is not certain that they who have them with least limitation live best. All that these many things give to human life is of consequence, but of infinitely less consequence than goodness. They are better hidden in ignorance than made known, if with their use and temptation, character degrades. So Nature was created a full but unrevealed storehouse. Untold provision for our wants was all ready, but all to be sought out, that when labored for man might by the larger opportunity live better.

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That, however, which we could not wait to find out was given in another way,—it was revealed. The Bible is a book of such revelation. It is psychology in history, the ethics of real life shown in the light of God's approval and disapproval. A man, a family, a tribe, a nation was chosen, and taught how to live; then their success and failure written; motives and their issue in life were marked and made to stand out, as in a modern chart of the human body veins, arteries, and muscles are traced and colored. The Bible is a book in the language of our race, throwing the light of Heaven upon the right and wrong tendencies of human nature. It is God thinking of us, within the range of our thought. Throughout the years He turned aside, and spoke to us through the men and women nearest to Him; He revealed Himself, and gave commandments and laws for our guidance. They indicate the

right way to enter and live in the Kingdom of Heaven. They were personally made known by the Son of God, when laws and counsel and love failing, He came on earth, retaining still the spirit of Heaven, and walking always in its ways.

May we not then in some things be children, without too much of the curiosity of how or why,—finding the way, and by faith walking in it? There is a way to be saved from sin; it is revealed and made a very plain way. Those of little intelligence find it and walk in it, while others, possessed of the greatest knowledge, see that it “shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.”

Starting with the lowest of our race, among whom there are few laws, and ending with those who have the higher laws wrought into their nature, life steadily enlarges and becomes “more abundant.”

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By this method we may conceive the far-reaching possibilities of human life, and get the trend of its law of improvement.

We may get the trend of a law in some such way as that by which the geologist follows the oil and gas bearing formation of the rock, hundreds of feet out of sight. Locating upon a map all points within the United States where the surface of the earth has been pierced, he finds belts of profitable wells, bounded on either side by dry wells. This gives roughly the trend of the porous rock in the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania, from which he was able to project a line across Lake Ontario into the Dominion of Canada, and so strike another of Nature's great storehouses of fuel and light.

Following thus the trend of law from the savage horde up, we find the promise of Heaven; for we come to the great joy of good

people, from whom the imagination dare project a line on into the greater light.

Among savage tribes there is little if any law. Each one does much as his own rude nature prompts. He is pure or impure, quiet or loud, kind or quarrelsome, honest or dishonest, with a wild liberty, until he meets the greed or power of another. Any force within him which would urge to wisdom or goodness is at the best but weakness; and he is altogether ignorant of what it truly means. Morally, he looks out upon a waste as trackless and unmarked as were our own great untrodden plains in primitive times.

On the other hand, take a tribe which the Christian missionary has reached. He brought with him a better way of living, learned by him in a civilized nation. He began his work among these savages by saying, "Do this," "Do not do that," "Thou shalt," "Thou

shalt not," making right ways known to them by simple commandments. It was like building pioneer roads in a new country, but soon some began to walk in the ways in which he guided them. Gradually they came into better habits of living, greater cleanliness; the old confusion disappeared; the quarrelsome spirit was lessened, subdued; honesty gave place to dishonesty, and in time, there was developed in their own nature new hopes, peace, and light.

Turning now from this partially educated tribe, we look upon a great city. Here the people are numerous, here life is active. The home and the place of business lie near to each other. The life is a constant struggle. All seek to live well,—some luxuriously. Competition is keen. The natural tendency to encroachment upon the rights of others is marked. The temptation to greed is strong; there is a constant weaving of interests which

cross, recross, and conflict in utter confusion. But law, all through this eager city life, has made a network of ways, outlining them by penalties. Law guides the life of each individual as tracks guide railway trains. The people in business and pleasure seem to move as trains move from station to station, quickly and safely, because there are tracks,—ways, laws. The merchant uses a yard measure determined by law; this saves time, and avoids discussion,—sometimes prevents a quarrel between seller and buyer as to the supposed length of a yard. The exposure of unwholesome food is forbidden, because it would not be safe to trust the judgment and avarice of every one as to what is to be sold. The kind of money to be used is authorized, and so payments are made without anxiety as to whether or not the money tendered is really genuine. There are sanitary laws, compel-



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ling drainage and cleanliness, lest careless or vicious persons endanger the public health. Law is thus compulsory upon those who would otherwise disobey it, while it makes plain the right way to others whose intention it is to obey.

We may now enter a circle where the governing laws are of a much higher order. It is a very select community of congenial people. They mingle happily, because all are of unusual intelligence, and possessed of rare purity of feeling. They differ in many things, but back of their individuality and high attainments there is great refinement of nature. Some of these people inherit good manners, — courteous habits formed in them as they grew; and all have a grace born of a warm and genial heart. The good rules of etiquette are strictly observed, but no one is conscious of them. There is a wise and just consideration of the interests

of each; and yet, seemingly, they are not conscious of such an obligation. If there is any eagerness manifest, it is in giving or doing good to others. Where, then, are the higher laws that govern these gifted and fortunate ones? Written in their nature, "in the mind and heart." The generous and loving spirit that governs them exceeds all rules of etiquette, and "fulfils" them by its own good and strong lawfulness. Out of this spirit there might come a wrong manner, but no rude or hurtful feeling.

Within this circle of congenial friends there is, however, an inner circle, possessing all the "sweetness and light" of the larger company, but having a still finer and better unit of feeling, — they are "one in Christ." Mingling and coalescing with their whole being is something which has come with the fact that they are "born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of

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the will of man, but of God." Who shall say what it is, except that it is the beginning of eternal life? They have entered upon the life of the Kingdom of Heaven. They take hold, by simple trust, upon great truths, at first revealed, now experienced. Their hopes are caught on wings that give bold flight into a realm where all is good,—a realm of holy privilege and very dear friends. Love comes when they pray, and grows in them an urgent source of feeling; so full sometimes that eyes are dull, hearts slow, and hands heavy to bless. Human nature has been employed for its natural uses, and they have become not carnal but spiritual, not gross but good. They are far along upon that great way which has been created in human nature, and revealed in the Scriptures as a pathway into Heaven. They deny grossness, anger, selfishness, indolence, taking up the cross of any effort that

may be necessary to do it; and with faith that often becomes sight, follow Jesus. They do not save that part of life that perishes, but willingly lose it, finding always a better life. They are of the world, but are kept from its evil by the fact that they do not love evil. They delight themselves in the Lord, their desires growing out of a nature that has assimilated some of God's nature, and so can be satisfied by pleasures of the kind that bless the universe. Thus they have grown with the progress of the race, away from the savage into the highest blessings of our civilization; but they have received a finer spirit, a deeper purification, which has come down to them from the civilization of Heaven, the realm of spirits, the home of God.

The wealth of human nature is in its likeness to the spirit of Heaven. Who has not had his happiest moment in an hour of Heaven, when

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out of the purest depths of his nature a rare spirit has quickened and warmed his whole being? We love the good spirit of people, because by a law natural on earth, and doubtless in Heaven, it begets in us its own kind. But how frequently do we misconceive the good spirit of others! It is often toned down and partially lost in its encumbered effort to reach us. The light in the human eye, the expression of the face, the modulation of the voice, often quickens our dull pulses; but did not the message of love start out of the spirit with still greater meaning? Mother love is so strong in the spirit that it can give to the hardened hands of a toiling mother a velvety touch on the soft cheek of its babe, and put melody into the broken tones of a tuneless voice as it sings a lullaby; but is it not a still better thing than ever comes out in touch or voice? The clay of our hands and face is so rigid and unre-

sponsive that spirit cannot speak to spirit all it feels.

Heaven is the realm where that which is good in human nature has direct expression, with no hindrance and no conventionality. It is a world where we shall not think or feel or say less, but more, and better; as in best human society life is richer, deeper, and "more abundant" than it is in the impoverished, shallow, circumscribed life of the savage. Then human nature is toward Heaven as it moves along those ways that open to the savage and converge in God. It grows by all its struggle. All worlds and all other life shall not be in vain if intelligent beings are born and come into such a spirit that they may live forever, happy.

Might not a clearer conception of the government of Heaven herald the twentieth century? Vast changes come quickly now. May there not come in the closing years of the nineteenth

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century the bloom and fruit of human progress, — that integrity and refinement of spirit over which and through which Jesus the king reigns? May not the *ennui* of the religious world be enlivened by raising the banner of a spiritual nation? Greater than all denominational differences, the unit of all mission enterprise, shall we not see the organized union of all churches as the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, — thus catching up the great purpose of our Saviour, with all the enthusiasm so ecstatic a conception involves, and living to the fact, permit Him to accomplish His will through a church sensitively responsive, not too much preoccupied, quick to the impulse of the Holy Spirit, and happy because a growing part of the universal nation? A national rally is needed, — the tie of a definite idea. The mystified query of the soul that asks in its honest moods, What does it all mean; why do we live and

die? must get as its answer a picture, then a fact,—a mental picture of a real, practical, spiritual nation, then as a fact the recreating power of the Holy Spirit who quickens the new life, starts ideas, confirms truth, and stirs emotions.

How to Live Forever? Begin to live now. Get the answer in the fact. Acquire the spirit that belongs to the Kingdom of Heaven, and let it grow now and forever.

THE END.













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